

# THE SPIRITUAL TIMES

DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND PRACTICAL USES  
OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH.

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY.

PROVE ALL THINGS, HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD.

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS SHALES THE LIFE THAT IS TO BE.

EDITED BY J. H. POWELL.

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Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but the material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting; but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

## EXPERIENCE IN THE WORKHOUSE.

SOME years ago we were acquainted with a married couple in Brighton, the name of T——. Both husband and wife appeared to be on the best terms with each other. They had passed through some of the thorny ways of poverty, nevertheless, for thirteen years they lived together, and nobody knew but they were a loving couple. The last time we saw Mr. T——, he was in business for himself, as a hatter. The mystery of this change in his circumstances is soon explained. Mrs. T——'s father died, and left her a few pounds. With this money, Mr. T—— commenced business. He took to late hours, and bad company, and eventually deserted his wife and two children (three children having died), one two years, and the other ten years old. Thus the little legacy of the wife brought her sorrow. We knew Mr. T——, so indeed did many of our acquaintance. He was then a member of the committee of a Mechanic's Institute, and was an intelligent and apparently kindly-disposed man, and indeed, we should have thought the last under any pressure, to throw off the husband and father, and leave the dear ones of his home to the mercy of a pitiless world. But mysterious as his conduct seems, he shook hands with his wife, gave her a couple of sovereigns, kissed her, and without giving her the slightest hint whatever of his intention, left her, at that time in blissful ignorance that he would so soon desert her. The wife waited anxiously the returning midnight, expecting her husband. But no husband came. One, two, three, four days and nights, hope still deceiving, yet he came not. Now came on troubles thick and fast. Little mementoes and useful articles, were pawned for food for herself and children. Gossip too, was busy, speculating on her misfortunes, traducing her fair fame, and knowing more than she knew herself. There was yet another deep struggle with distress, for this poor deserted and almost heart-broken wife to undergo. She must appeal to the parish for assistance. We can well understand the great victory over laudable pride, which this woman who had hitherto been a ratepayer and respectably connected, must have attained on the instant she made her first appeal to the Parish Officials for assistance. But no relief outside the house was granted. She must become an inmate. The woman struggled against her feelings, and with her two children entered the Brighton Union Workhouse, hoping that the parish authorities would soon find her husband. Her experiences in the Union are of a most harrowing kind. She found herself the companion of a motley group, and saw human nature disfigured in women of all ages, whose words were mostly polluted, and whose conduct at times appeared to her hideous. But the thought that her husband would be found sustained her. But now, ye enlightened Boards of Guardians! ye Philan-

thropists of the poor! give heed, for we are about to relate how supremely tender are the mercies of Parochial Legislators.

The two children, both girls, one two years, a sickly child, the other ten, were taken from their mother, placed on the Warren Farm (a children's Workhouse), and separated from each other. Can our civilization present us with a more complete evidence of barbarism than this? The mother pined for her little ones; the little ones pined for their mother, and each other, but there were none near with hearts, save those similarly situated,—the authorities in such cases individually need no hearts, because they are the mere automata of system. And so these dear little innocents, and their bereaved mother, were doomed to a long separation of nearly three months; and then, the mother was by her own urgent request, permitted to see her little ones. But alas! the baby child was suffering from bad eyes, and presented an emaciated appearance, whilst the eldest had caught the ring-worm. What a merciful system! How Christian! to keep this woman in ignorance of her children's condition!

We cannot stop to depict the tears and joy of that meeting. Brighton may well be proud of her position as the "Queen of Watering Places!"

At the end of three months, Mrs. T——, and her two children were transferred to the Union at Reading, which was discovered to be her parish. The treatment here was in one sense, more natural, and in another, more inhuman, than that of the Brighton Union. The eldest child alone was separated from the mother, whilst the youngest was allowed to sleep with her. Mrs. T—— had to see the doctor, who could not have been gifted with a surplussage of the "milk of human kindness." Here is the interview with the doctor:—

Doctor.—"Well, how are you?"

Mrs. T———"Not very well, sir. I am suffering from the chest."

Doctor.—(sharply) "Who ain't? Turn up your sleeve," Mrs. T——, thinking he wanted to feel her pulse, turned her sleeve up a little above the wrist.

Doctor.—(More sharply still.) "Turn your sleeve up higher, and let's see if you have the itch."

Mrs. T—— left the disgusting doctor, and was placed as at Brighton amongst women more disgusting still.

Presently, the little child fell ill. The doctor was sent for. After looking at the child, he said, in his customary savage manner, "I think it's the small-pox, but cannot tell till the morning. A pretty thing this is, to bring the small-pox from Brighton."

In the morning however, the doctor pronounced the child to be suffering from the chicken pox. A little later, this sick child recovered, and the mother took it upon her lap. But poor ignorant being! she was not aware that she was violating one of the laws of the delightful Parochial system of the Parish of Reading. The matron caught her in the dreadful act of fondling "the little hindering thing."

"T——," she exclaimed, armed with the power of authority, "put that child down, this is a Workhouse, not a

playhouse."

The little innocent which was not *quite* murdered, with a spirit of submission wonderful in so young a child, said: "Kiss me mamma, never mind."

The matron, tender instrument of a still tenderer system, we may suppose went to her strong tea and buttered toast, whilst Mrs. T—, during three months, was sustained on bread and water only—the "skilly" she couldn't touch, and the two ounces of meat, which the paupers call "cat's-meat," allowed on Sundays, owing to an unpleasant smell, or a delicate stomach, or other cause, was never touched by her. The little child often cried for food, and the mother has even been glad to purchase for it a penny-worth of bread and butter, from some sick pauper, who wanted a penny-worth of snuff. Before leaving the Reading Union, where she had remained, vainly hoping to hear of her husband, Mrs. T—'s sufferings had worked her mind into a state bordering on insanity. She had had every feeling of self-respect wounded, and had suffered so much from insufficient diet, that a terrible despair took possession of her; her hair became white from grief, and she had resolved to leave the Union, with her children, and with them to seek a watery grave. Whilst these suicidal thoughts haunted her, some clothes of a woman and children who were found drowned, were hung in the Workhouse yard. Mrs. T—, seeing the chairman of the Board of Guardians standing near them, went to him and declared that unless something was done to find her husband, there would be more deaths by drowning.

It would be occupying too much space, to describe other incidents relating to this sad story. Mrs. T—, is still struggling, but has managed to keep from the Workhouse since, and we should think that nothing could induce her again to enter it. Nearly three years have fled since her husband deserted her; she knows nothing of his whereabouts, and receives no assistance from him. The case is one deserving the especial consideration of the general public, as it throws light on a system which is at war with the divine instincts of humanity. No wonder the great Social Evil, Theft, and Suicide, hold carnival in society, striking down more victims than either War or the Cholera, when the system of Workhouse treatment is operative as in the case of Mrs. T—.

#### DR. McLEOD.

Dr. McLeod, the secretary to the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, who is spoken of as a healing medium of great power, is now in London, his address is 32, Burnard st, Russell Square, W. C. We understand that the doctor has left Newcastle for London, under spirit-direction, and is about to commence the work of healing the sick. We paid the doctor a visit on Saturday last, not with the view of trying the effect of his magnetic powers, or the effect of a medical prescription, but to ascertain how he was, and what he contemplates doing. He is evidently a sincere man, possessed of a surplussage of energy, and we hope he may not waste golden opportunities for doing good. He keeps a diary of his spiritual experiences, which will doubtless be given to the world at some future period. We hope his spirit-guides will prove true to him, yet confess, that we should long hesitate, before abandoning a practice in Newcastle, to be subjected to the vicissitudes which must attend a stranger in London. But the Doctor on the score of faith may be said to be more largely endowed than most of us. We understand he is a regular diplomatised practitioner, and trust that he may meet with the success he merits, no man has a right to more, although most of us fall short of deserving all we get.

#### MISS HARDINGE.

Miss Hardinge, was to leave Liverpool on Wednesday last, on her return to America. We trust that the good seed she has sown in England, may spring up anon, like wheat to feed the spiritually hungry.

We doubt not, America will welcome her back, and find work for her to do. Mrs. Lacy has likewise set sail for America.

#### SPIRITUAL ATHENÆUM.

We understand that a Spiritual Athenæum, presided over by Mr. Home, is about to be inaugurated at 22, Sloane St. We learn with considerable regret, that Mr. Home has no adequate means to support himself and son. The proposed Athenæum, is to be sustained by voluntary annual subscriptions, which are fixed at five guineas each. If the plan is successful Mr. Home will have a home for himself and son, and will give his services as secretary in exchange. The plan appears to us a good one, as it places Mr. Home in a responsible position, giving him only what he really merits. To be useful is the aim of all true men, and there is no gratification to a man of worth in accepting charity. Testimonials do only temporary good, but the plan like the proposed one, gives permanence and security for services rendered.

For many years Mr. Home has given his time to Spiritualism. His sittings have created the most intense interest almost throughout the globe, he has been honoured and courted by kings; and exiled from Rome, which, by the way, may be considered more honourable to the exiled than to the exiler. He has, we believe, most religiously been true to himself in his mediumship, and to say nothing of the good he has done, in bringing conviction of Immortality to the hearts of sceptics he has been a target for the shafts of ridicule from the press, and has for years done his work nobly, never bartering his talent for gold, even though he has been long suffering from diseased lungs, and must often have been sorely tried. It is therefore, with great pleasure that we hear of the proposed Athenæum, and we trust sincerely, that a liberal support will be given to it, feeling assured that the Institution under Mr. Home's direction will be a boon. We hope to give more particulars anon.

#### EXTRAORDINARY DREAM AND ITS FULFILMENT.

At an inquest held on Tuesday, at Sunderland, on the body of a boy, named Jones, who was accidentally killed at Pamberton colliery, on Saturday, it transpired that the mother of the lad, on Thursday night, had an extraordinary dream that her son was killed while at work, and this produced such an impression on her that she refused to allow him to go to work next day, and he stayed at home on Friday. Next morning, however, he had gone to work at four o'clock, and it appears that within half an hour of entering the mine, some full tubs ran amain, and in trying to stop them, the lad who was only twelve years of age, was thrown down, some of the wheels passing over his neck and almost severing his head from his body. He must have died instantaneously. The pitman, in accordance with a superstitious belief, immediately knocked off work, and the shaft was laid idle for the day, rendering a loss of several hundred pounds to the proprietors. Within an hour of the deceased's leaving his mother's house, intelligence was conveyed to her of the fulfilment of her dream.

August, 17.

*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

#### OLD GHOSTS.

Dr. Plot F.R.S. projected the journeying of proper persons through England to enquire into "strange accidents that attend corporations or families, as the bodies of trees that are seen to swim in a lake near Brereton, in Cheshire, a certain warning to the heir of that honourable family, to prepare for the next world." Camden stated it had been well attested to him that before any head of this family died, there were seen in the lake, bodies of trees "swimming several days together." Fuller in his worthies stated this appearance was "reported by credible, and believed by discreet persons."

The persons above mentioned, were also to enquire about the 'bird with a white breast,' that haunts the family of Oxenham, near Exeter.

In the Brereton travels, it is related that at the court of the

Queen of Bohemia, the princess enquired of Sir W. Brereton, touching the stocks of Bogmere, which was supposed to possess the property of exhibiting tokens of the approaching decease of any chief of the house of Brereton in Cheshire.

Her Majesty related to Sir W. Brereton "that at Berlin, in the house of the elector of Brandenburg, before the death of any related in blood to that house, there appeared, and walked up and down in that house, like unto a ghost in a white sheet, walking during their sickness and until their death." The Queen said that Lady Leveston, then present, had seen the figure opening the curtains. She also said, which Duke Bernard of Weimar, averred unto her that some ministers being at supper, assembled together in a room of the house of Duke William of Weimar, which was troubled with spirits, being at meat, all the stools on a sudden, were plucked from under them. A gentlewoman sitting there at supper, feeling something under her clothes, stabbed downwards suddenly with her knife, when it came up all blood; her garter was taken off her leg, and tied upon her bare arm

C. C.

### THE RED MAN.

On New Year's day 1814, when the first Napoleon was sitting in his study alone, and much occupied with business, a tall man dressed in red, applied to his secretary, Count Mole, to inform Napoleon that he desired an interview. "Go, and say the Red Man wants to see him, and he will admit me."

Mole obeyed reluctantly, and Napoleon replied, "Let him in." He entered accordingly.

It was stated that Mole listened, and heard the following curious communication:

The Red Man said,—"This is my third appearance before you, we met first at the battle of the Pyramids, in Egypt, then, after the battle of Wagram. I granted you four years more, to terminate the conquest of Europe, or to make a general peace, threatening, in case of your non-performance, to withdraw my protection from you. I now come for the third and last time to warn you that you have only three months to complete the execution of your design, or to comply with the proposals of peace offered you by the Allies. If you do not achieve the one or accede to the other all will be over with you. Do as you please, but my resolution is not to be shaken by entreaty or otherwise."

Napoleon remained all day in his cabinet, and within three months the prediction was confirmed.

No one knew who the Red Man was, but the French Journal of the day, but believed the above mentioned facts to be true.

### THE BERESFORD GHOST STORY.

On the 19th. August, 1704, Lady Beresford went to sleep, and shortly afterwards she awoke and saw Lord Tyrone, her old friend, (but not a relative, as many persons supposed) standing by her bedside.

At an early age, each had agreed that the one first dying, should, if possible, appear to the survivor, and give tangible evidence of identity.

The figure informed her he was the ghost of Lord Tyrone, then in bliss which had come in fulfilment of the early promise. He wrote his name in her pocket-book, and then twisted the curtains through a ring in the ceiling. He left the print of his hand in a wardrobe, and finally laying his finger upon her wrist, made an indelible mark, in further testimony of his visit. He predicted her re-marriage and death at the birth of her child, in her forty-second year.

She went to sleep again, and next morning, she saw the twisted curtains, the print of the hand, and the mark upon her wrist which she afterwards concealed, by means of a piece of black velvet. Next morning a letter arrived which announced Lord Tyrone's death.

Lady B. afterwards married a General Gorges. They separated but, afterwards were re-united; and when near her confinement Lady B. invited some friends, and remarked, "I never expected to see this day, I have now completed my forty-third year." The clergyman present who had christened her, denied this statement, stating her age to be forty-two years, the time of prediction of the apparition.

She was seized with the usual pains, and died that night. After her own death the impression of a finger was found upon her wrist. Such is the tradition of this story.

It should have been stated that Sir Samuel Hood, (See *Spiritual Times*, vol III. pp., 159.) died in India, and, consequently, his widow did "come from beyond the sea," as stated by the seer.

10th. July, 1866,

C. C.

### LINES BY MRS. ABDY.

He stands before a gathered throng, strange knowledge to unfold,  
Charming the dazzled fancy like fairy tales of old;  
Yet must he brook the idle jest, the cold and doubting sneer,  
He hath no beaten path to tread, unpractised course to steer,

The wondrous science that he strives to bring to life and light,  
Is softly, faintly breaking, from the misty shades of night;  
And scoffing prejudice upbraids the pure and genial ray,  
Because it doth not burst at once to bright and beaming day.

He tells the healing benefits that through this power arise;  
How sweet and soothing sleep may seal the weary mourner's eyes,  
How raging madness may be checked; how sufferers may obtain,  
The boon of deep oblivion from the keenest throbs of pain.

Anon, he dwells on loftier themes, and shows how mind may claim  
An empire independant of the still and slumbering frame.  
Can ye doubt the proofs, ye careless throng submitted to your view,  
Can ye hold them in derision, because yet untried and new?

Know that improvements ever wend a tardy course on earth;  
And though wisdom's mighty Goddess gained perfection at her birth,  
Her children reach by slow degrees the vigour of their prime,  
For the wisdom of this lower world requires the growth of time.

None wish ye on the statements of a single voice to rest;  
The marvel ye have witnessed ye are urged to prove and test;  
Survey them in their varied forms—inquire—observe—inspect—  
Watch—meditate—compare—delay—do all things but neglect!

If ye bear in mind the lessons that to day ye have been taught,  
Ye need not lack materials for intense and stirring thought;  
And my simple lay can little aid an orator's discourse,  
So gifted with the energy of intellectual force.

But I ask ye if your cherished ones sharp anguish they'd endure,  
Which the stated arts of medicine had in vain essayed to cure;  
Would it not grieve ye to reflect ye might those pangs allay  
But that, jestingly and mockingly, ye cast that means away?

Mistake me not, I prize not aught, however great or wise,  
If held not in subjection to the God who rules the skies;  
To me all knowledge would be poor, all splendour would be dim,  
All boons unsafe, all joys untrue, unless derived from Him.

And if eagerly this wondrous power, I witness and approve,  
It is because I know no bounds to Heaven's amazing love,  
And I cannot by the pedant rules of critic caution scan  
The depths of those exhaustless gifts His mercy pours on man.

### ETHICS OF THE DUST.

"The more readily we admit the possibility of our own cherished convictions being mixed with error, the more vital and helpful whatever is right in them will become: and no error is so conclusively fatal as the idea that God will not allow us to err. though He has allowed all other men to do so. There may be doubt of the meaning of other visions; but there is none respecting that dream of St. Peter; and you may trust the rock of the Church's foundation for the interpreting, when he learned from it that in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him. See that you understand what that righteousness means; and set hand to it stoutly: you will always measure your neighbour's creed kindly in proportion to the substantial fruits of your own. Do not think you will ever get harm by striving to enter into the faith of others, and to sympathise, in imagination, with the guiding principle of their lives. So only can you justly love them, or pity them, or praise. By the gracious effort you will double, treble—nay, indefinitely multiply, at once the pleasure, the reverence, and the intelligence with which you read: and, believe me, it is wiser to kindle the ashes of expired religions, than to let your soul shiver and stumble among their graves, through the gathering darkness and communicable cold."

RUSKIN.

### THE MYSTERIES OF IRON.

There is no miracle recorded in the annals of any religion more incomprehensible, more inconceivable, than some of the well-known properties of the simple metal, iron. Consider, for instance, its change from its ordinary to its passive state. A piece of the metal in its ordinary condition is immersed in nitric acid, it is powerfully acted upon, entering into combination with the acid and losing its metallic form. But if a piece of platinum

wire has one end inserted in the acid, and the iron is then immersed in contact with the wire, it is so changed that the acid has no power upon it, and this condition continues after the platinum wire has been withdrawn. The contact of a single point with the platinum sends a transformation all through its particles which renders them invulnerable to the attacks of the most powerful acid. Even more wonderful is its change under the influence of a current of electricity. When a bar of pure, soft iron is welded with an insulated wire and a current of electricity is sent through the wire, the bar is instantly converted into a magnet. It is endowed with an unseen force which stretches out from its ends, and seizes any piece of iron within its reach, draws it to itself, and holds it in its invincible grasp. The object of insulating the wire is to prevent the electricity from leaving it, and yet through this insulating coat a power is exerted which changes so strangely the nature of the iron, enabling it to act on substances with which it is not in contact. As soon as the circling current ceases, the iron becomes like Samson shorn of his locks, its miraculous power has departed. No less mysterious than either of these is the more familiar phenomenon of the fall of a piece of iron to the ground, under the simple action of gravitation. What is that invisible force which reaches out in all directions from the earth and clutches all matter in its grasp? The fibres of this power are imperceptible to any of our senses. If we pass our hands under a suspended rock, we can feel nothing reaching from it to the earth, yet there is *something* stretching up from the earth, taking hold of the rock and drawing it down with the strength of a hundred cables! We walk enveloped in mysteries, and "our daily life is a miracle."

### AT LAST.

At last we shall rest our weary heads far from this world, where no blight and no storms come.

At last the golden gate will swing open, and we shall enter in to peace and rest.

At last we shall go out to join the host above, and give back to nature the garment she hath loaned us.

At last the weary mind and heart shall repose in a diviner life, where, on the bosom of the Infinite, all tempest-tossed souls shall lie.

At last we shall bid adieu to earth and its cares to hear the welcome of angel voices on our ears.

At last the heavy cross shall be taken, and the palm of eternal life placed on our brow.

It will be morning there, and the years of earth will roll away like a scroll.

There will be no night there; for God Himself will light that world.

At last we shall be known as we are: all earthly glare will fade away and the soul stand out in its native worth.

At last that celestial city will burst upon our enraptured vision just as the feet grow weary in life's ascent.

From heavenly domes, at last, will familiar faces gleam, and the years of our parting seem as but a day.

At last, O weary one! at last, shall rest and peace and joy, abide with thee forever.

*Branches of Palm, By Mrs. J. S. Adams.*

Boston, 1866.

### REMARKABLE CASES OF TRANCE.

(By David B. Hale.)

When I was a mere lad, more than forty years ago, I came across a book entitled, "Life of the Rev. William Tennent, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Freehold, in New Jersey, in which is contained, among other interesting particulars an account of his being three days in a trance, and apparently lifeless," about 1725.

Since my acquaintance with Spiritualism, ten years since, I have endeavoured to get a copy to read, and only quite recently obtained the loan of one.

Thinking the account may be of interest to many of your readers, I have copied a portion of the narrative:—

"After a regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tennent was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health, and brought on a pain in his breast and a slight hectic. He soon became

emaciated, and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now threatened. He was attended by a young physician, who was attached to him by the strictest and warmest friendship.

Mr. Tennent was one morning conversing with his brother, when he fainted, and to all appearance died. He was soon after laid out on a board, according to the usual practice, and the neighbours were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening his young friend the physician returned from the country, and was greatly pained to learn of his death, and could hardly believe it, although the body was cold and stiff. The physician put his hand in warm water to make it as sensible as possible, and then placed it under the left arm of Mr. T., and affirmed that he felt some unusual warmth, although others tried, but failed to discover it. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral be requested not to attend. To this the brother objected as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discoloured, and the whole body cold and stiff. At the doctor's most persistent and earnest entreaties the funeral was postponed for three days; in the meantime the doctor was unremitting, day and night, in his efforts to restore animation.

The third day came, and the people had assembled to the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last requested a delay of one hour, then of half an hour more, then for a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which time the brother, indignant at the delay, insisted that the funeral should proceed.

At this critical moment the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. After the lapse of another hour, the eyes again opened and another heavy groan, and then all signs of life vanished. After another hour the body revived, with more power, but continued so feeble for six weeks that great doubts were entertained of his final recovery. He then began to gain more rapidly; but it was twelve months before he was completely restored, and even then he had so lost all recollection of his past life and the benefit of his former studies that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor write nor read his own name; he had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before, until he had again learned his letters and commenced like a child in the monosyllables.

His physical and mental powers were gradually restored, and he resumed his ministerial labours in Freehold, where he continued till his death, nearly fifty years afterwards, at the age of seventy-two.

Although Mr. Tennent had lost all recollection of his previous 'earthly life,' he described with deep feeling, all that he saw and felt while his spirit was absent from the body. He said in describing the scenes: 'I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and saw things all unutterable. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory indescribable. I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation viewing all my troubles ended.'

At another time he said: 'I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable, and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "You must return to the earth." This seemed like a sword through my heart, and the idea of returning to this world of sorrow gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly.'

The book from which the foregoing extracts are made is very interesting, and gives other instances where he was guided by spiritual influence.

Mr. T. was a man of remarkable purity of life, and a person of the greatest humility, and such are the persons usually the most favoured with beatific visions. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

How strikingly this case corresponds with the case recorded, Luke viii: 49-56, where the young lady went into the trance, and Jesus took her by the hand, and imparting to the inanimate body his magnetic power, we read that "her spirit came again and she arose."

In the case of Mr. Tennent, had it not been for the magnetic power of his friend the physician, his spirit would probably never have returned to reanimate his body.

Without doubt there are many cases where bodies are buried, where by the laying on of hands by some powerful magnetiser, the spirit would come again.

There are instances in the ancient records of resuscitation being produced by the prostration of the magnetiser on the person of the supposed dead body. One is the case of Elisha and the son of the Shunemite, and the other the case of Eutychus being restored by Paul. Jesus possessed that power so strongly that, according to the testimony of the sacred writers, he often restored persons to life after apparent death without even touching them and also cured various diseases in the same manner.

A case occurred in Collinsville, Conn., about twelve years ago, where a most amiable and lovely young lady, to appearance, died; then she revived, and the report of her experience in spirit-life was very similar to that narrated by Mr. Tennent. Her vivid description of the scenes and beauties of spirit-life created a lively and deep interest in all who heard it. She soon after died, and her freed spirit went to realize more fully the full fruition of that beautiful summer-land of which she had only one previous glance.

One of the most remarkable cases of suspended animation, or trance state, was that of Miss Fannie Davis, of Lansingburg, N. Y., now the talented Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, spiritual lecturer, of Milford, Mass. I do not recollect the exact time but it was about ten years since. A somewhat lengthy account of it was published at the time in the 'Springfield Republican,' and other papers. Miss Davis remained in the trance if I recollect rightly, forty-five days, during which time her spirit friends were preparing her for her holy ministry to mortals in earth-life. As many

of your readers probably never heard of the above case it would be very interesting and instructive if she would furnish for the 'Banner' a detailed account of her experience in that remarkable trance.

With so much evidence in our own time, together with all the ancient testimony in the bible and elsewhere, proving, as it does, incontestably the existence of the spirit separate from the body, and of our continued life beyond the grave, how can any one be so sunk in materialism as to deny these proofs? The facts and demonstrations of modern Spiritualism in the last seventeen years have brought hope, joy and rejoicing to millions of sorrowing hearts, who had been groping amid the darkness of creeds and forms, feeding on the husks of Old Theology, but who now believe in progression and the exercise of the reason given us by our Heavenly Father, and are now luxuriating in the green pastures of truth and religious freedom.

Collinsville, Conn.

'Banner of Light.'

#### TRACING A ROBBERY BY A DREAM.

Yesterday a singular case occurred at Manchester Police-court, showing an extraordinary fulfilment of a dream, and the consequent tracing of a quantity of stolen property. We give the facts shortly as they appeared before the court, and on the testimony of the police inspector, who had the matter in hand. Some time ago a woman of the name of Heyes, living at 23, Dyer's-lane, was committed for an offence to prison for a month, and whilst she was in confinement she dreamt that her house had been entered and robbed, and that a witness named Fox, who had been brought against her, but who had been too weak to give evidence, was dead. On the completion of her term of imprisonment she found her dream fulfilled in almost every particular—viz., that Fox had in fact died during her incarceration and that her house had been plundered in the manner revealed to her. The vision, moreover, contained so exact a representation of the scene of the robbery, and of the appearance of the actors in it, that Inspector Gill had no difficulty in tracing a portion of the stolen property to a clothes dealer, named Michael Donnelly in Fleet-street, which Mrs. Heyes described to the officer as being the place to which it had been taken. Similarly other portions of wearing apparel, belonging as alleged, to Heyes, were discovered at the house of Mary Riley, 19, Billington-street and Phoebe Campbell, 7, Fleet st. The dealer and the two women last named were at once taken into custody, and their explanation of their possession of the property being considered by the magistrates as unsatisfactory, they were committed for trial.

Manchester Courier.

#### ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM AND ORGANIZATION.

By J. H. POWELL.

(Concluded.)

Spiritualism has no restrictive power over thought, but rather gives it expansion. If men holding by narrow dogmas and creeds place their cramped faith in the fetters of organization and make the outer more important than the inner, does it follow that Spiritualists with souls unshackled, who recognize God, or spirit influx, Immortality, and a *True Life*, as the only cardinal points upon which all need agree, if they organize must also lose their individuality in duty, and become crystalized in bondage? I think not.

I am equally convinced that all attempts to coerce a man into any faith must prove abortive. The mind must receive satisfactory evidence, and belief will be of natural growth. If however, by the law of force men are compelled outwardly to assent to stereotyped dogmas, they are neither more nor less than cowards and hypocrites. God forbid that ever Spiritualists should organize, if they could prove themselves infidel to their own gospel of "freedom of conscience." Men are not to be redeemed by organizations, but they may be arrested in their downward course by them and presented with such evidences that the *desire* for, (which must always precede) regeneration, may be given them. We are all links in the great chain of life which reaches right into the spiritual world connecting us with the angels and with God. We are all instruments used for good or evil, as we will it. If we isolate ourselves from each other we do not necessarily cut off our influence; but if we come together in unity, upon the principle that union is strength, we can each lend the other such support which combined, becomes a mighty power. An organization of Spiritualists would be either a great boon or a great mistake, just as we should each and all determine. Holding by the cardinal basis of God, Immortality, and a *True*

*Life*, there could be no dis-membership or even disharmony on account of doctrinal difference; but all difference diverging from this basis, or centre, would only tend to greater harmony. The human mind is constituted for Progress; hence the absurdity of disputing a man's right to think. An organization should retain no member who could not honestly work with his brother who differed from him on doctrinal points. The principle of the rights of conscience should never be violated, for it is sacred as Truth and the basis of human and angelic progress.

A true Spiritualist organization would be free from the abuses to which many of the organizations of the ages have been subjected. Spiritualism recognizing individuality in duty, never loses sight of individual responsibility; hence a consistent Spiritualist would not do wrong and shield himself under the wings of the organization of which he was but a member. He would rather feel his own responsibility the greater lest a fault of his should injure the whole body.

The progress of Peoples through all kinds of organized oppression, and every species of wrong, is a great lesson of hope to us. We see how concentrated effort has worked miracles on land and sea; how the despotism of hunger, and the scourge of ignorance, have forced the people along through the dark valleys of guilt, over mountains of trouble, into comparatively pleasant pastures, where knowledge and wisdom, and love have power upon them; and we look confidently forward to the supreme reign of justice, which if it does not take place here, will most assuredly take place in the Great Hereafter.

What can we do better than endeavour to bring the lost sheep of the world into the free fold of Love. Who is there sanctified by the blessed experiences of Spiritualism, that does not long to impart his soul-full knowledge to others? I think that no true Spiritualist can exist long satisfied without this divine desire. If so, should we not use the best instrumentalities for bringing others who are in darkness out into the living spiritual light? Let us then organize, but be sure and be the masters not the slaves of the machine.

Spiritualism is not only a missionary of the Home, where it begins its blessed work as all reforms should, but it is also a missionary of the world. It works first on the inner, then upon the outer. Nothing is more delightful than to see the Home circles which are unfolding the beauties of spirit-life, and magnifying the love of God in our land. These are each miniature organizations, which would be magnified a million-fold, were there a proper National Organization of Spiritualists. I am aware that there are many difficulties or stumbling blocks in the way of an immediate organization of Spiritualists. Unfortunately many of them set a too high value on the opinion of Spiritualists of position, and feel too weak to act for themselves, and know that their ideals won't act for them. Until those who shall constitute the future Spiritualist organization, are prepared by an experience which sooner or later must come to them, to stand upon the ground of no man's opinion but on that alone of truth, an organization of anything like vital strength cannot exist. There are more fetters to snap, than those which orthodoxy and governments have fastened upon the limbs of Thought. There are those of Caste, the iron of which enters our very souls. When will Spiritualists learn to set caste idolaters the example, like Tell, to throw the cap of Gessler, at the feet of its flunkies?

Spiritualism is teaching us daily, some of us have already learnt something of its lessons of human equality; so that we can gaze upon the fripperies and nonsense, the powdered heads, and rouged faces of the scions of the man-made aristocracy of Caste, and thank heaven that we are neither envious nor terrified. There is however, one standard by which we can judge that which is good for us: the standard of Moral and Intellectual Worth. When those who are the favoured disciples of Worth come forward, let us grasp their hands, respectfully hear what they advise, but never forget that after all they are human, and liable to err, and that it is a duty we owe ourselves, to act in all things according as our own conscience shall approve.

I have no patience with assumption, or presumption. The better a man is, the humbler he will be; for humility is the crowning gem of goodness.

In an organization of Spiritualists there must be the centre as well as the circumference. Without the centre be capable of holding the surrounding parts together, the instrument cannot well work. Here comes the difficulty. Who is fit for the Centre? Once find the man whose genius and loving nature can draw individuals into the circumference, and hold them there by the attraction of his magnetism, the organization will be complete and work easy.

The time may not be now when an organization of Spiritualists can be established. But I indulge the confident hope, that it is at hand; and believe that the proper elements of concord can be associated, which shall prove to humanity that concerted effort can be used with marvellous effect, without robbing a single member of the body politic of one particle of freedom necessary to his manly growth. In the meantime, let us use all available means to "make men wise unto salvation," by giving them evidences of spirit-life, and making ourselves individually



accordant with those higher truths which Spiritualism imparts to all who have eyes and will see, ears and will hear.

I do not desire to see organization a plant of forced growth. It is better that it should grow gradually, but it will never grow without we prepare the soil, and sow the seed.

#### EDWARD IRVING AND SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

To those who have studied the historic evidences of Spiritualism, the name of Edward Irving will be familiar. He used to preach at 14, Newman-street, and it was there that many of the remarkable manifestations through the "gift of tongues," were given, but they did not commence with Mr. Irving's congregation, but with some ladies at Port Glasgow, in 1830. For two years previous to his removal to London, Mr Irving was the assistant minister to Dr. Chalmers of Glasgow, and is reported to have been a deeply earnest and sincere, but not a constitutionally fanatical man. Among the 'gifted,' was one Robert Baxter, who has compiled the papers from which we transcribe the following. We may say, however, that persecutions, ending in the conviction that the manifestations were diabolical, finally brought Mr. Irving's congregation to an end:

Mr. Irving himself speaks as follows—

"Those who speak in the tongue always declare 'that the words uttered in English are as much by power supernatural, and by the same power supernatural, as the words uttered in the language unknown.' But no one hearing and observing the utterance could for a moment doubt it, inasmuch as the whole utterance, from the beginning to the end of it, is with a power and strength and fulness, and sometimes rapidity of voice, altogether different from that of the persons ordinary utterance in any mood; and I would say, both in its form and in its effects upon a simple mind, evidently supernatural. There is a power in the voice to thrill the heart and overawe the spirit after a manner which I have never seen. There is a march, and a majesty, and a sustained grandeur in the voice, especially to those who prophesy, which I have never heard even a resemblance to, except now and then in the sublimest and most impassioned moods of Mrs Siddons and Miss O'Neill. It is a mere abandonment of all truth to call it screaming or crying; it is the most majestic and divine utterance which ever heard, some parts of which I never heard equalled, and no part of it surpassed by the finest exhibition of genius and of art exhibited at the oratories in the concerts of Ancient Music. And when the speech utters itself in the way of psalm or spiritual song, it is the likeliest to some of the most simple and ancient chants in the cathedral service; inasmuch that I have often been led to think that those chants, some of which can be traced as high as the days of Ambrose, are recollections and transmissions of the inspired utterances in the primitive church. Most frequently the silence is broken by utterance in a tongue, and this continues for a longer or shorter period, sometimes occupying only a few words, as it were filling the first gust of sound, sometimes extending to five minutes or even more, of earnest and deeply felt discourse, with which the soul and heart of the speaker is manifestly much moved, to tears and sighs and unutterable groanings, to joy and mirth and exultation, and even laughter of the heart. \* \* \* So far from being unmeaning gibberish, as the thoughtless and heedless sons of Belial have said, it is regularly formed, well pronounced, deeply felt discourse, which evidently wanteth only the ear of him whose native tongue it is, to make it a very master piece of powerful speech. \* \* \*

"When I am praying in my native tongue," said one of the gifted persons to me 'however fixed my soul be upon God, and Him only, I am conscious to other thoughts and desires, which the very words I use force in before me. I am like a man holding straight onward to his home full in view, who,

though he diverge neither to the right hand nor to the left, is ever solicited by the many well-known objects on every hand of him. But the moment I am visited with the spirit and carried out to God in a tongue which I know not, it is as if a deep covering of snow had fallen on all the country round, and I saw nothing but the object of my desire and the road which leadeth to it. I am more conscious than ever to the power of God. He and he only is in my soul. I am filled with some form of the mind of God, be it joy or grief, desire, love, pity, compassion, wrath or indignation; and I am made to utter it, in words which are full of power over my spirit; but not being accessible to my understanding; my devotion is not interrupted by associations or suggestions from the visible or intellectual world. I feel myself as it were, shut in with God into his own pavillion, and hidden close from the invasions of the world, the devil and the flesh.' In these few words the mystery and the end of the gift of tongues are accurately set forth.

"In the same breath, in perfect continuance, sometimes in constant sequence, as word followeth word in common discourse, sometimes with such a pause as a speaker makes to take his breath, the English part flows forth in the same fullness of voice, majesty of tone, and grandeur of utterance."

Mr. Baxter says:

"In January, 1832, he again visited the brethren in London; the gifts of Mr. Irving's church were now being exercised in the public congregation. The day following his arrival, being called upon by the pastor to read, he opened upon the Prophet Malachi and read the fourth chapter. 'As I read,' says Mr. B., 'the power came upon me, and I was made to read in the power. My voice, raised far beyond its natural pitch, with constrained repetition of parts, and with the same inward uplifting which at the presence of the power I had always before experienced. When I knelt down to pray, I was carried out to pray in the power for the presence and blessing of God in the midst of the church; in all this I had great joy and peace, without any of the strugglings which had attended my former utterances in the power.'

"On the Sunday following, the power came in the form of revelation and opening of Scripture. I was constrained to read the twelfth chapter of revelation, containing the prophecy of the woman and the red dragon; and as I read, the opening of it was just as light flitting across the mind, opening a portion, and then passing away, and leaving me in darkness; the power all the time resting upon me. A passage would be opened in the clearest manner, and then the understanding of it would quickly pass away; until portion after portion having been opened and shut in this manner, the whole chapter was at once opened in connection, and an interpretation given, *Which I not only had never thought of, but which was at variance with my previous systematic construction of it.*

"The power," as Mr. Baxter calls it, came upon him not only in the public congregation, or at prayer meetings, or at his own private devotions; but, also, when present at the baptism of infants, at the communion table, and in social intercourse. Here is an instance of the latter. Mr. B. was spending the evening at a friend's house with Mr. Irving and three or four other persons. Some matter of controversy having arose, Mr. Irving offered a prayer that they might all be led into the truth. After prayer, 'Mrs J. C. was made to testify.' Mr. Irving followed with some observations, 'and' says Mr. B. 'whilst he was going on to ask some question, the power fell upon me, and I was made to speak; and for two hours or upwards with very little interval the power continued upon me, and I gave forth what we all regarded as prophecies concerning the church and the nation. \* \* \* The power which then rested on me was far more mighty than before, laying down my mind and body in perfect obedience, and carrying me on without confusion or excitement. Excitement there might appear to a bystander, but to myself it was calmness and peace. Every former visitation of the power had been very brief; but now it continued, and seemed to rest upon me all the evening. The things I was made to utter flashed in upon my mind without forethought, without any plan or ar-

arrangement: all was the work of the moment, and I was as the passive instrument of the power that used me. \* \* \* I was made to bid those present to ask instruction upon any subject on which they sought to be taught of God; and to several questions which were asked, answers were given by me in the power. One in particular was so answered with such reference to the case of which, in myself, I was wholly ignorant, as to convince the person who asked it that the spirit speaking in me knew those circumstances and alluded to them in the answer.'

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—The following extracts from the letter of an acquaintance respecting his personal experience, you may think interesting to your readers.

"I am a Spiritualist, but of the old school in which prophets and apostles were taught and trained.

"On Sunday I preached at ———, which is 36 miles from here. It was no trouble for me to preach, I had so much spiritual help.

"I find it very little trouble to compose a sermon, I merely take the bible, and the first portion which impresses my mind I take for a text. I use no help but that of the spirit, and am thus enabled to compose a sermon from beginning to end. I try in all to follow the teaching of the spirit of God, and the happiness I sometimes experience is very great.

"My gift of healing is getting stronger, some cases I have cured with a mere expression of the will in conjunction with the will of God. In other cases I have put my hand upon the person and thus have cured, but in both cases it has been an act of faith.

We may here behold an apostolic example, which it would be the better for christian communities, if the various grades of church, and dissenting divines could follow. The gift of healing ought never to have been separated from the christian ministry, and is one of the high tests of ministerial power, therefore of competency.

\* This person has for some years, been a medium for impression-vision, and healing power, without ever having sat at the table. He has preached whole sermons from spiritual impression, and is indeed a good man.

At the table, we usually commence as mediums of a lower order, and progress to the higher forms of mediumship, especially as we progress in the love of God and good, while each form has its specific use, as adapted to the varied states of those who compose circles of investigation.

I remain sir,

Yours, &c.

B. D.

## EXPERIENCE.

Experience also pronounces final and unerring judgment upon all the ways of living and doing. It seals everything to its just weight and worth. As the good tradesman consults well his books of account and balance-sheet, and so finds which way he has been travelling, and what are the comparative values of the roads taken, what ventures paid, and what failed—what methods of management were most and what least conducive to profit—so the dealer in time may note, as day after day adds to his experience, what expenditures gave most, and what least, for advancement. He sees how diligence accomplishes, brings sure result, solid and appreciable in the run of months and years; how fitful applications, waiting on moods, working loosely, yielding to reverie or permitting to be drawn aside by interruptions, brings disappointment and mortifying failure. All the days become judgement-days, days of review and improving suggestion. Every date the eye lights upon of the events of one's past, brings reflections, self-cathesis upon the manner of living and the measure of the progress being made. These date-points mark the flight of time, testify of the exceeding brevity of life, and admonish sternly to work while the day lasts. And the days and the years gone by stand studded with scenes and alive with voices, and each voice incites and urges and beckons us on.

## MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

*Under this head we shall print all spirit messages that we may consider worthy. Correspondents will please write legibly on one side only of the paper and abbreviate as much as possible. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of spirits either embodied or dis-embodied.*

## A LECTURE UPON THE MIND.

(Through the Mediumship of Richard Wortley.)

I remember reading a discussion between an Atheist and a Baptist minister, upon God, the minister said, if there was no God, man could have no idea of one, but the Atheist said, the imagination was always at work deceiving us like some mighty wizard—Look, he said, I will show you a God, and worship it if you like. I see a great mountain, with a peacock's tail, a lion's head, and tiger's legs. There is an idea of a God at once, if ignorant and superstitious men like to worship it, but, he added, we have become too wise to believe in such ghosts of the imagination. Now let me show you friend traveller, that the minister was quite right, the Atheist saw a mountain. There are plenty of mountains in Switzerland; he next saw a peacock's tail, very pretty indeed, there are plenty of peacocks' tails in different parts of the kingdom; the next distinct picture was a lion's head; true enough, the next a tiger's legs. Now let the light of reason shine upon this God, and you will see the mountain in its proper place; the tail upon the peacock, the head upon the lion's body, and the legs upon the tiger. Now Ideality shows us pictures of beauty, God is beauty. It shows us scenes of love, God is love. It shows us all that is good, and God is good. It reveals to us pictures of truth, and God is truth. These are the attributes of that Infinite Being, who rules all things, even the mind of man; let us worship Him. Let the traveller look God in the face through the ideal pictures in the world of mind. Ideality then, is a true principle of soul, let us cultivate it by an ardent love of truth. Again we will venture to go forward into foreign and untrodden lands in the great mental world. Is this true? do you ask are there such things to be seen in that world within us? ask yourself the question, and sure enough you must believe. All of us know that life is a great mystery, but not too much so, the greater the mystery the more there is to learn. What has clairvoyance revealed to us of late? Has it not done a great work towards the world's elevation? Does it not prove to you the existence of a great spiritual extravaganza somewhere somewhere among the faculties of mind? A man of learning is to be pitied, who will not see the developing programme of universal knowledge; some men will not look facts in the face and give them their due. Clairvoyance is well worthy of notice, it should be known to all of you, that this extraordinary manifestation of mind is to relieve the world of its mental slaves. Yes, it comes like the rising sun above the horizon of darkness in the mental world.

I do not pretend to teach fabulous stories concerning the human mind, many great men of fame in these days, who prostrate their brilliant faculties before the monster God of mammon, and who hold certain doctrines with an iron grasp, fearing the world should know too much; cry out humbug! delusion! and a host of pernicious names they give this highly and heaven-born truth. The next great field to be explored in this world, or upper portion of the great mental structure, is Veneration allow me to be your guide through this way of obedience and Godliness, every step we take can you not hear voices? This is the land of vocal instruction, every flower speaks to us in plain language. The lily is here in all its purity and loveliness, with its broad leaf of disapprobation flapping the waters of mischief, like some virtuous virgin, handling her garment before her betrothed as though she would fan every evil thought into the depths of forgetfulness.

Humility is the lesson taught by all the inhabitants of this world. Do not think friends I am speaking of some far off globe where the inhabitants are not known to us, and where nature's rod, shortens the distance of natural vision.

(To be continued.)

All Communications for the Editor to be addressed to him at his new residence, 6, Sidney terrace, Grove-road, Victoria-Park, E.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR readers will favour us by sending accounts of Apparitions, Hauntings, &c. We wish to give as many facts as our space will admit. Correspondents should allow their names and addresses to appear; accounts of a supernatural character should be given to the public free from all suspicion.

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This is the fourth book that has recently come to our hands on the same subject, and, whilst it is the smallest, it is yet the most striking of all the former, perhaps, from the brevity with which the subject is presented, and the nature of the facts or assumptions with which it is crammed from first to last. . . . There is much, very much to excite thought, whether to compel conviction, or not. The enquiry is by no means the contemptible thing that many people wish to consider it. It deals with alleged facts, which, if true, are astounding; and, if false, still they are objects of interest, and they ought to be disposed of.—*British Standard*, March 18th, 1864.

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